

PLANET



COMICS

No. 45
NOV.
10³

"Her Evilness from
XANADO"
— FEATURING —
The Space Rangers
— ALSO —
LOST WORLD-STAR PIRATE
and many others —

The BIG

OF THE COMICS!

EACH ONE A WINNER...
JAM-PACKED WITH
FAST ACTION AND
DRAMATIC ADVENTURE!

ON SALE-25¢

ON SALE-25¢

ON SALE-1¢

What
Guess?
Get the
best!

ON SALE-10¢

ON SALE-1¢

ON SALE-5¢

LOOK FOR THE
BULL'S-EYE!



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A
FICTION
HOUSE
MAGAZINE

NEXT ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS (No. 46, JAN.) ON SALE AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOV. 10th.

PLANET

A woman with blonde hair, wearing an orange jumpsuit and a red pointed hat, is aiming a silver handgun at a massive, dark, hairy hand that is reaching down from the top right. The hand is holding a flaming torch. In the background, a man in a green suit is running on a rocky, orange landscape. A small circular logo is visible in the top right corner.

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No 45
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"Her Evilness from
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— FEATURING —
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LOST WORLD-STAR PIRATE
and many others —

The LOST WORLD

BY THORNECLIFFE HERRICK



L. Renée

INTERPLANETARY VIDEOS CRACKLING INDECIPHERABLE MESSAGES! SKIMMING SPACESHIPS MAPPING GEOGRAPHIC SURVEYS! WHAT DID IT MEAN? HUNT BOWMAN HAD ALERTED THE SCATTERED BANDS OF EARTHMEN TO FERRET OUT THESE MYSTERIOUS VOLTA SECRETS. THEN SUDDENLY FROM WASHINGTON FLASHED THE LONG AWAITED SUMMONS WHERE...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS DELAY. BOWMAN SHOULD BE HERE NOW!

YES, IF HE DOESN'T COME SOON, IT WILL BE TOO LATE.



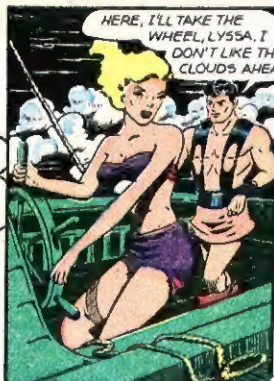
TUNE THE VIDEO IN ON THE VOLTA MEETING AGAIN... SEE WHAT THEY'RE DOING NOW.



MEANWHILE, ON THE POTOMAC...

IT WAS A LONG TRIP FROM MIAMI, HUNT. BUT WE'LL SOON BE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE.

THEN WE'LL LEARN WHAT THE VOLTA MEN ARE PLANNING.



HERE, I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, LYSSA. I DON'T LIKE THOSE CLOUDS AHEAD.



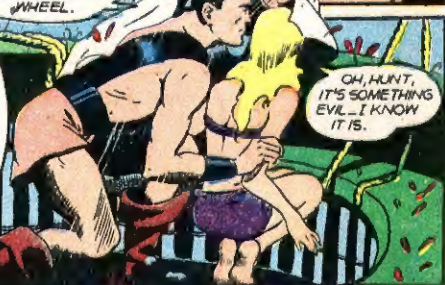
THEY LOOK SO STRANGE. SEE... IT'S STARTING TO RAIN.



BUT IT'S NOT RAIN, HUNT. IT'S RED AND IT STINGS!

QUICK, GET UNDER COVER.

NOW WE'RE SAFE. I'VE LASHED THE WHEEL.



OH, HUNT, IT'S SOMETHING EVIL... I KNOW IT IS.



WHILE IN THE TOWER...

IT'S RAINING OUTSIDE - RED RAIN!

HARK - LOOK AT THE VIDEO.

EVEN NOW OUR MINISTERS WITH THE VENUSIANS CONFERENCE. IF TESTS SUCCESSFUL BE - WE WILL TO THEM EARTH DEED.



TESTS? - WHY THAT'S THE RED RAIN! THEY'RE TRYING TO CHANGE OUR ATMOSPHERE.

YES - MAKE IT LIVEABLE FOR THE VENUSIANS. IT MEANS WE EARTHMEN ARE DOOMED. BUT LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW...

"THE RAIN HAS STOPPED, BUT QUICK, FOCUS THE VIDEO ON THE VENUSIAN LEADER!"

WE CAN DO IT... WE CAN ESTABLISH OUR COLONY HERE... THE TEST IS SUCCESSFUL!

WE ACCEPT, VOLTANS... WE WILL TRADE OUR ASTEROID BELT FOR EARTH!

THAT MEANS DEATH TO US. WHY DOESN'T BOWMAN COME!

BUT HERE, LYSSA... THE RAIN'S STOPPED... TAKE THE WHEEL.

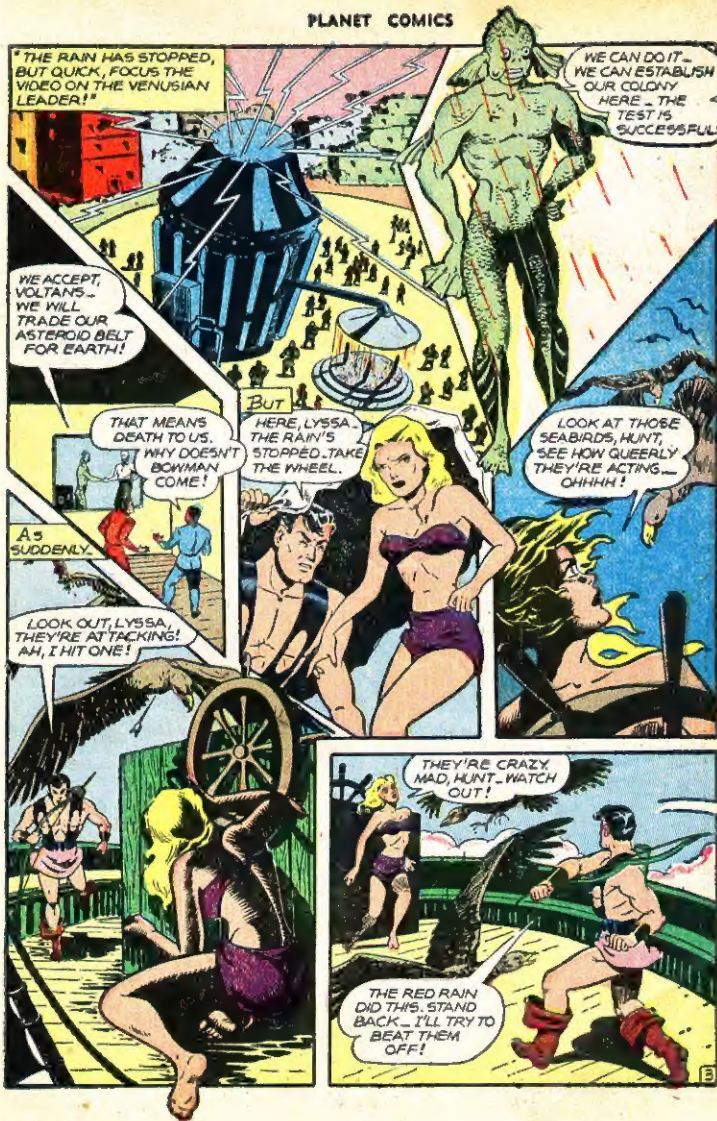
LOOK AT THOSE SEABIRDS, HUNT, SEE HOW QUEERLY THEY'RE ACTING... OHHHH!

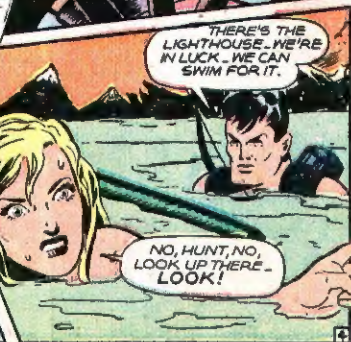
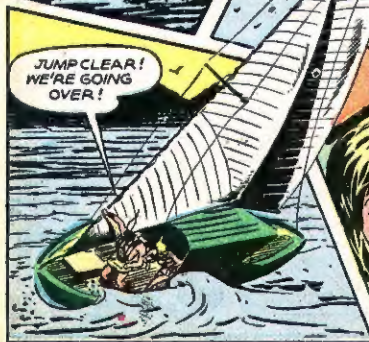
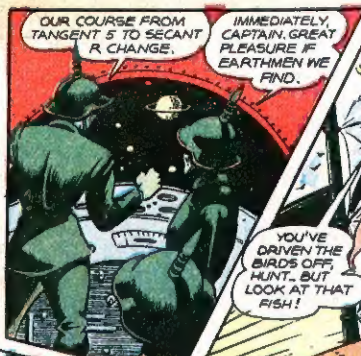
AS SUDDENLY...

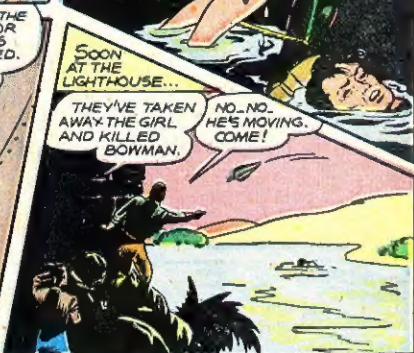
LOOK OUT, LYSSA, THEY'RE ATTACKING! AH, I HIT ONE!

THEY'RE CRAZY, MAD, HUNT-WATCH OUT!

THE RED RAIN DID THIS. STAND BACK... I'LL TRY TO BEAT THEM OFF!







MEANWHILE...

SO FAR EVERYTHING IS SATISFACTORY, BUT FIRST WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE AN EARTH PERSON AND THE ANIMALS SUBJECTED TO THE ATMOSPHERE WE REQUIRE.

UNDERSTAND WE DO AND THE SUBJECTS HAVE. GUARD, THE EARTH GIRL HERE BRING!

ALONG COME! YOU FOR TEST COMMANDER CHOSEN HAS.

A CAGE OF CATS, A STEER AND THIS GIRL - IT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!

YES, IT WILL GIVE US AN IDEA HOW LONG THESE CREATURES WILL SURVIVE WHEN WE HAVE CHANGED THEIR NATURAL ATMOSPHERE.

AS NEARBY

LYSSA IN THE HANDS OF THOSE FIENDS...WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HER AND SOMEHOW DISCOURAGE THE VENUSIANS FROM SETTLING HERE!

WE DEPEND ON YOU, HUNT. THE GREENHOUSE AHEAD IS OUR HIDEOUT. WE ARE SAFE THERE.

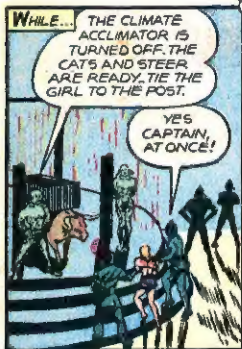
BUT

SO OUR LEADERS EARTH FOR THE VENUSIAN ASTEROID BELT TRADE WILL...LOOK...WHO IS THAT BELOW?

A BAND OF EARTH PEOPLE...INTO THE GLASS HOUSE THEY GO!

YES-YES...THEIR MEETING PLACE IT IS! WE MUST OUR COMRADES SUMMON...COME!





MEANWHILE

A SURPRISE ATTACK IS OUR ONLY CHANCE TO HESITATE MEANS A LINGERING DEATH FROM THE RED RAIN. LISTEN... WHAT'S THAT?

HUNT... THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE... BUT QUICK, WARN EVERYBODY. THE VOLTMEN ARE COMING!

I-I THOUGHT YOU WERE DROWNED!

A VOLTMAN... I'LL KILL HIM!

NO! NO!... THAT'S NO VOLTMAN... IT'S LYSSA!

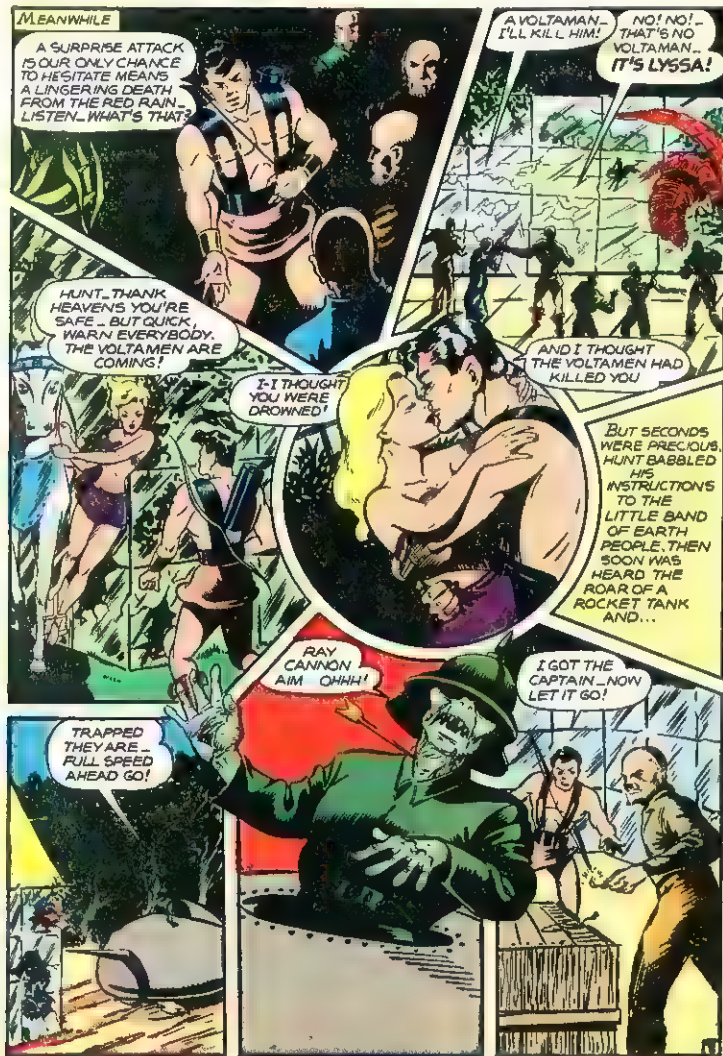
AND I THOUGHT THE VOLTMEN HAD KILLED YOU

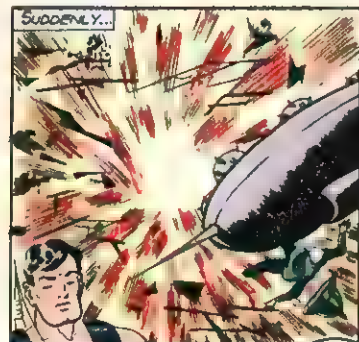
BUT SECONDS WERE PRECIOUS. HUNT BABBLED HIS INSTRUCTIONS TO THE LITTLE BAND OF EARTH PEOPLE. THEN SOON WAS HEARD THE ROAR OF A ROCKET TANK AND...

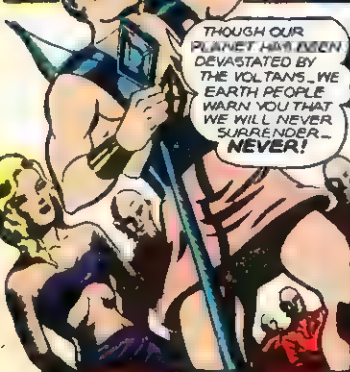
RAY CANNON AIM OHHH!

I GOT THE CAPTAIN... NOW LET IT GO!

TRAPPED THEY ARE... FULL SPEED AHEAD GO!







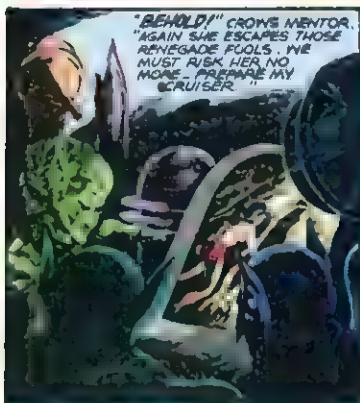
LOST WORLD in every issue of PLANET COMICS!

Futura

by JOHN DOUGLAS



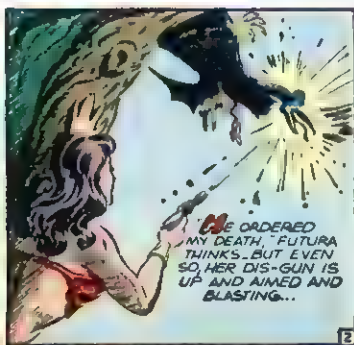
NEW FLESH AND BLOOD! THE SCIENCE COUNCIL PROCLAIMED OUR CYMRAD RACE IS DOOMED UNLESS WE TRANSPLANT OUR BRAIN-BOILS CAPTIVES FROM A DOZEN SPARK WORLDS INTO PALBO THE TESTS OF THEIR PROJECT SURVIVAL, BUT NOW LORD MENTOR OF CYMRADIA GLAZES AS HIS TELESCREEN RECORDS THE FINAL FINDINGS ON SPECIMEN NINE FROM TERRA BELT GARDEN. FUTURA, THE EARTH-GIRL.

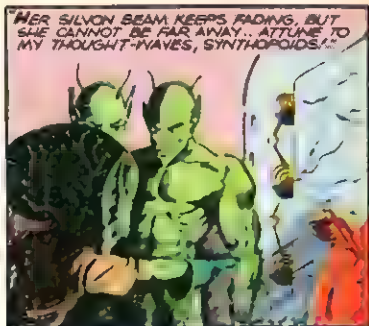


"BEHOLD!" CROWS MENTOR. "AGAIN SHE ESCAPES THOSE RENEGADE FOOLS. WE MUST RISK HER NO MORE - PREPARE MY CRUISER."

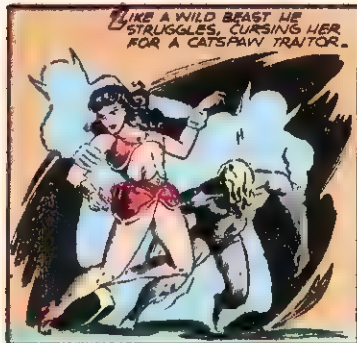


"GIVE INSTRUMENTS TO HER SILVON BEAM - HE ORDERS. HURRY - AND ILL MAY GIVE US A SHOT AT THAT PINK JAIL NORD, AS WELL."

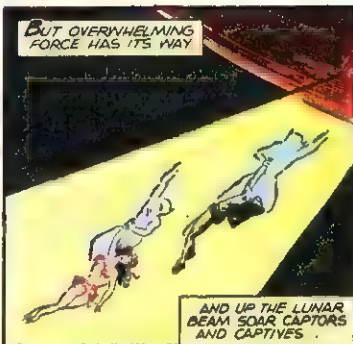




LIKE A WILD BEAST HE
STRUGGLES, CURSING HER
FOR A CATSPAW TRAITOR...



BUT OVERWHELMING
FORCE HAS ITS WAY



AND UP THE LUNAR
BEAM SOAR CAPTORS
AND CAPTIVES

"AHA!" MENTOR CHUCKLES.
TAKE HER SILVON BAND AND
REACTIVATE IT AND AS FOR
YOU, JARL NORD...



WITH HIS VOICE CRACKLING ON, FUTURA
REALIZES HOW HIS AUDIOS AND VIDEOS,
GUIDED BY THE SILVON RAYS, FOLLOWED
EVERY INSTANT OF HER FALSE ESCAPE.



AND WITH A CRY OF
RAGE, SHE LUNGES
FOR THE PROTON GUN...



"SHUDDERS OF FEAR RACK MENTOR'S
BODY AS THE WEAPON TURNS." BLAST
HIM! JARL
NORD SHOUTS.



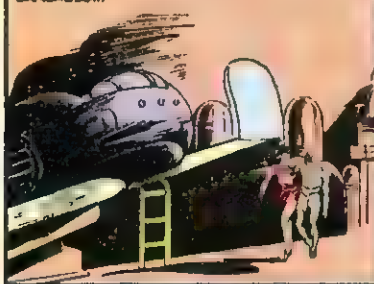
BUT A GUARD'S GUN
ZAPS, AND JARL NORD
GROANS, AND WITH
A HORRID SQUEAK...



-MENTOR COLLAPSES...THE ELECTRICS OF
FEAR TOO MUCH FOR HIS DELICATE CYMRAD
BRAIN, AND HIS SYNTHO-SLAVES DUMB
AND MOVELESS WITHOUT THEIR MASTER

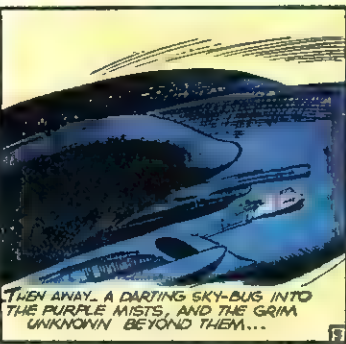


"PARA-RAY!" GASPS JARL NORD "MY CHEST-
MY LUNGS AFIRE, BUT I'LL TRY TO LAST-
UNTIL THIS SPACE-SLED-GETS US TO
SARSAZZO..."



"OUR SECRET CITY..
THE LIFE OF MY
PEOPLE...I TRUST
THEM NOW TO YOU,
EARTH-GIRL..."

HIS HURT-FILLED VOICE MUTTERS THE
INSTRUMENT-SETTINGS. THE TINY
SPACER TREMBLES AS JET-TUBES
WARM...

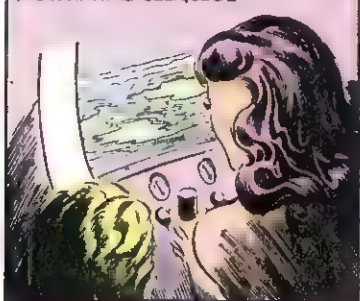


THEN AWAY...A DARTING SKY-BUG INTO
THE PURPLE MISTS, AND THE GRIM
UNKNOWN BEYOND THEM...

THE GREAT-HEADS... JAHL NORD BREATHES...
THEY KILLED US BY THOUSANDS... STOLF
TITAN CITY... AND NOW THEY KILL ME...



BUT SARGAZZO REMAINS! THOSE LAKES
AHEAD... MIRAGE PROJECTIONS... AIM FOR
THEM AT NINE OBLIQUES...



AND THROUGH AN ATMOSPHERIC SEA
THEY PLUNGE TOWARDS A GLOBE OF
GREEN-GOLD LIGHT... SARGAZZO!



INTO THE ENTRY-LOCK
AND THEN A CHORUS OF
YELLS, A MELL-MELL OF
FIGURES "IT IS THE
SILVON WITCH AS THE
ARBOROTES WARNED!"



HOLD! COMMANDS JAHL NORD "BY MY
JARLSHIP'S RIGHT... BY MY FATHER'S RING...
I... PRONOUNCE FUTURA ONE OF US"



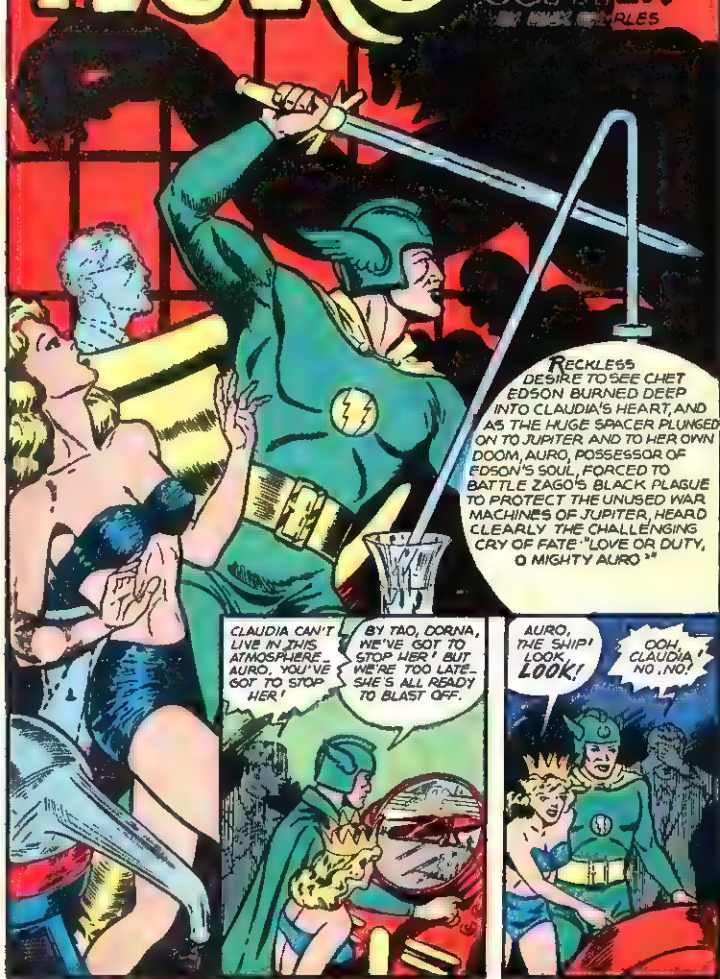
SUDDENLY HIS BODY SAGS... HIS LIPS
MOVE AS FUTURA BENDS CLOSE... "THIS
RING, FUTURA... TAKE IT... AND LEAD
MY PEOPLE HOME FOR ME."

YESTERDAY AN EARTH-BOUND SECRETARY... TOMORROW A WARRIOR QUEEN... FUTURA'S
STRANGE ADVENTURES IN EVERY ISSUE OF **PLANET COMICS!**

AURO

LORD OF
JUPITER

BY MARK CHARLES



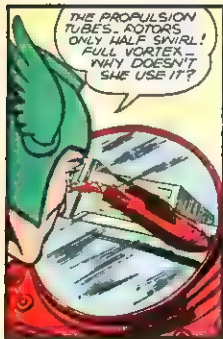
RECKLESS
DESIRE TO SEE CHET
EDSON BURNED DEEP
INTO CLAUDIA'S HEART, AND
AS THE HUGE SPACER PLUNGED
ON TO JUPITER, AND TO HER OWN
DOOM, AURO, POSSESSOR OF
EDSON'S SOUL, FORCED TO
BATTLE ZAGO'S BLACK PLAGUE
TO PROTECT THE UNUSED WAR
MACHINES OF JUPITER, HEARD
CLEARLY THE CHALLENGING
CRY OF FATE. "LOVE OR DUTY,
O MIGHTY AURO"

CLAUDIA CAN'T
LIVE IN THIS
ATMOSPHERE...
AURO, YOU'VE
GOT TO STOP
HER!

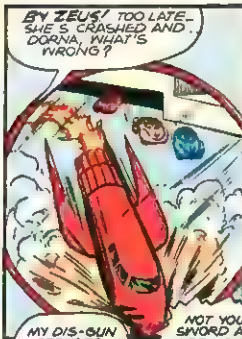
BY TAO, DORNA,
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP HER! BUT
WE'RE TOO LATE...
SHE'S ALL READY
TO BLAST OFF.

AURO,
THE SHIP!
LOOK
LOOK!

OOH,
CLAUDIA!
NO, NO!



THE PROPULSION
TUBES... ROTORS!
ONLY HALF SWIRL!
FULL VORTEX -
WHY DOESN'T
SHE USE IT?



BY ZEUS! TOO LATE -
SHE'S CRASHED AND...
DORNA, WHAT'S
WRONG?

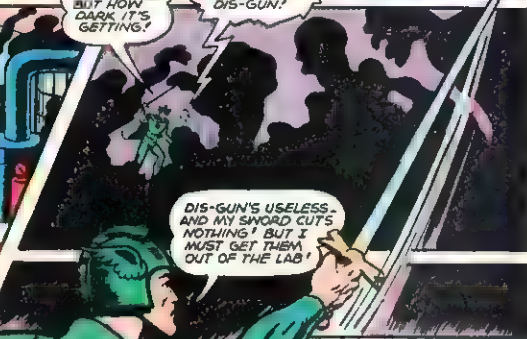


LOOK...LOOK!
WARNING SIGNAL
ON THE FORCE
SCREEN!

GOOD
HEAVENS -
WATCH THE
TELIO-CLAUDIA
MAY HAVE
BEEN KILLED!



LOOK... SHADOWN
CREATURES OF THE UNDER-
WORLD... WERE
DOOMED!



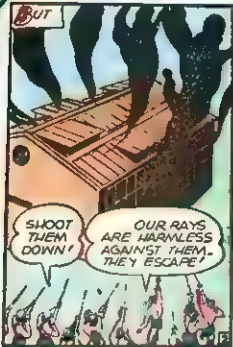
MY DIS-GUN
PERHAPS...
BUT HOW
DARK IT'S
GETTING!

NOT YOUR
SWORD AURIO
-USE YOUR
DIS-GUN!

DIS-GUN'S USELESS -
AND MY SWORD CUTS
NOTHING! BUT I
MUST GET THEM
OUT OF THE LAB!



GOOD GRIEF! THOSE
CREATURES ARE
ABSORBING ALL THE
LIGHT! WE'RE HELP-
LESS! BUT CLAUDIA -
GOT TO FIND OUT
WHAT'S HAPPENED
TO HER!



BUT

SHOOT
THEM
DOWN!

OUR RAYS
ARE HARMLESS
AGAINST THEM -
THEY ESCAPE!



WHEN I
GLAD
THAT'S
OVER!

THEY'RE GONE
THIS IS SOME OF
ZAGO'S EVIL-DOING,
DORNA, BUT WHY
THE ATTACK? THEY
DIDN'T TOUCH US!

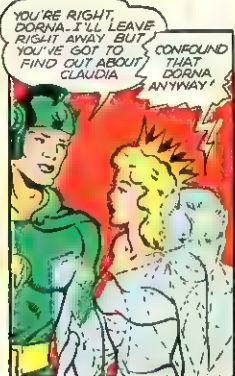
LOOK
AROUND
THE LAB,
AURO.



HEY,
WAIT!
WHAT
ABOUT
CLAUDIA?

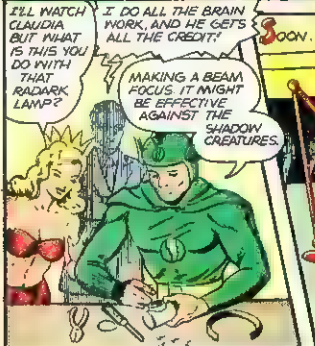
THE ASTROSCOPE-
THE RADIOSAUR-
GONE!

WE'VE
GOT TO
GET THEM
BACK,
AURO!



YOU'RE RIGHT,
DORNA-I'LL LEAVE
RIGHT AWAY BUT
YOU'VE GOT TO
FIND OUT ABOUT
CLAUDIA

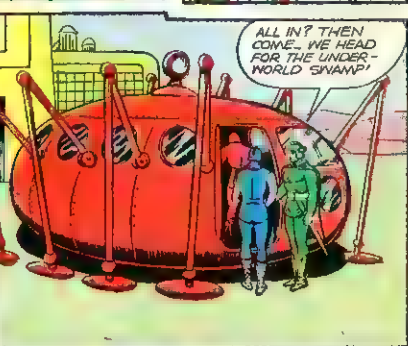
CONFOUND
THAT
DORNA
ANYWAY!



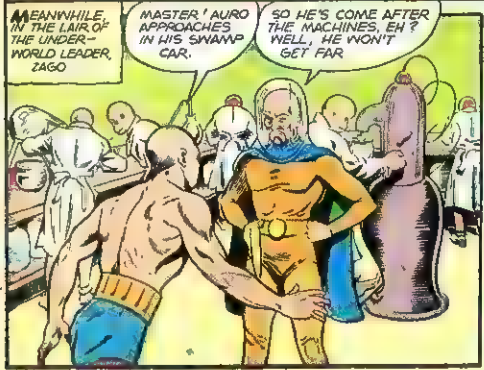
I'LL WATCH
CLAUDIA
BUT WHAT
IS THIS YOU
DO WITH
THAT
RADARK
LAMP?

I DO ALL THE BRAIN
WORK, AND HE GETS
ALL THE CREDIT!

MAKING A BEAM
FOCUS IT MIGHT
BE EFFECTIVE
AGAINST THE
SHADOW CREATURES.



ALL IN? THEN
COME- WE HEAD
FOR THE UNDER-
WORLD SWAMP!



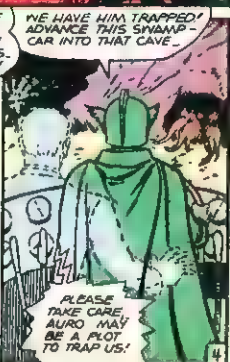
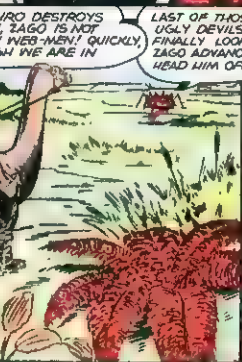
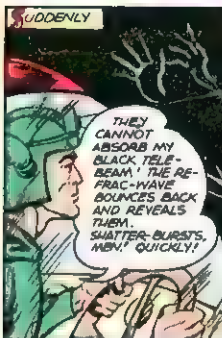
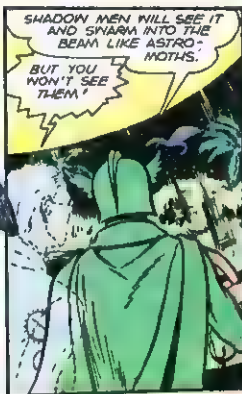
MEANWHILE
IN THE LAIR OF
THE UNDER-
WORLD LEADER,
ZAGO

MASTER 'AURO
APPROACHES
IN HIS SWAMP
CAR.

SO HE'S COME AFTER
THE MACHINES, EH?
WELL, HE WON'T
GET FAR

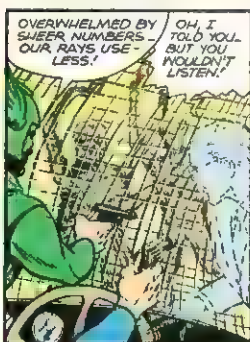


IF HE ISN'T KILLED BY THE
SHADOW CREATURES, THE
WEB MEN WILL GET HIM
COME, WE'LL GO TO WATCH
HIS DEATH!



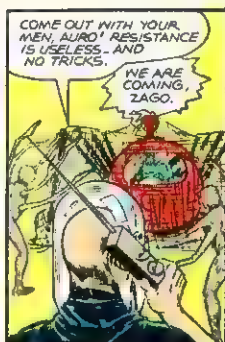


SPIDER-MEN!
QUICKLY, THE
BLASTERS—



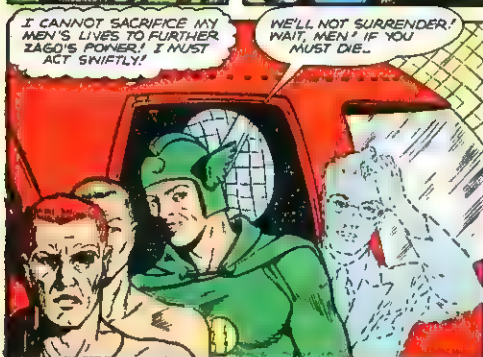
OVERWHELMED BY
SHEER NUMBERS—
OUR RAYS USE-
LESS!

OH, I
TOLD YOU—
BUT YOU
WOULDN'T
LISTEN!



COME OUT WITH YOUR
MEN, AURO! RESISTANCE
IS USELESS—AND
NO TRICKS.

WE ARE
COMING,
ZAGO.



I CANNOT SACRIFICE MY
MEN'S LIVES TO FURTHER
ZAGO'S POWER! I MUST
ACT SWIFTLY!

WE'LL NOT SURRENDER!
WAIT, MEN! IF YOU
MUST DIE—

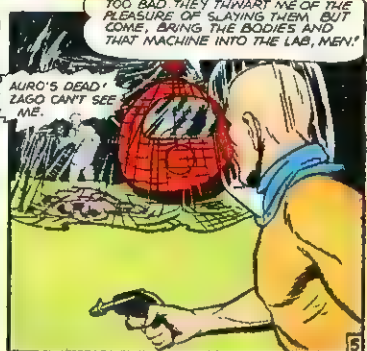


—LET IT BE THE HAND OF
AURO THAT STRIKES YOU
DOWN—AND WITH US
WILL COME ZAGO AND
HIS FOLLOWERS—THERE!



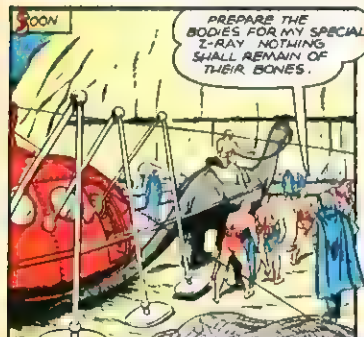
AURO AND
HIS MEN
FALL!

WHAT! THEY TRIED
TO KILL US, ZAGO, BUT
THEIR RAYS HAVE
FAILED!

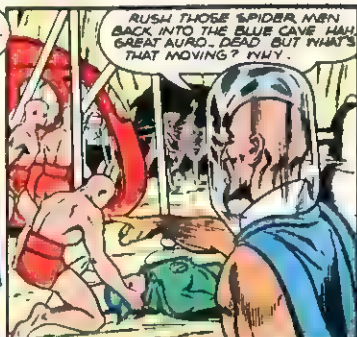


TOO BAD THEY THWART ME OF THE
PLEASURE OF SLAYING THEM. BUT
COME, BRING THE BODIES AND
THAT MACHINE INTO THE LAB, MEN!

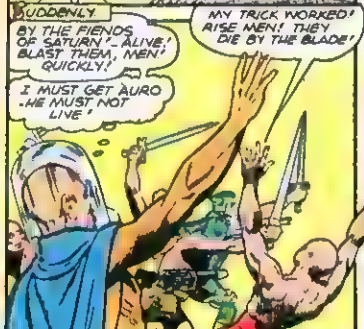
AURO'S DEAD!
ZAGO CAN'T SEE
ME.



PREPARE THE BODIES FOR MY SPECIAL Z-RAY. NOTHING SHALL REMAIN OF THEIR BONES.



RUSH THOSE SPIDER MEN BACK INTO THE BLUE CAVE! HAH! GREAT AURO! DEAD! BUT WHAT'S THAT MOVING? WHY!



SUDDENLY

BY THE FIENDS OF SATURN! ALIVE! BLAST THEM, MEN! QUICKLY!

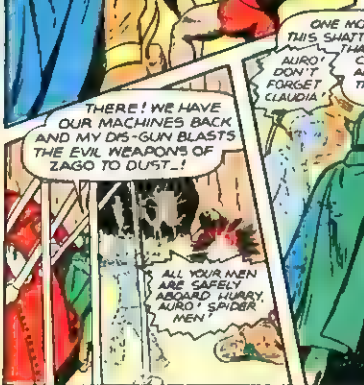
I MUST GET AURO. HE MUST NOT LIVE!

MY TRICK WORKED! RISE MEN! THEY DIE BY THE BLADE!



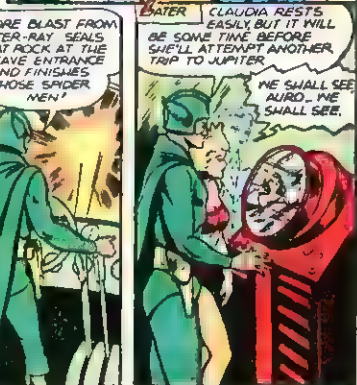
AHA! ZAGO...WHO WOULD BE LORD OF JUPITER? I KNIGHT YOU, LORD OF DEATH!

GRACIOUS. I'VE KILLED ZAGO!



THERE! WE HAVE OUR MACHINES BACK AND MY DIS-GUN BLASTS THE EVIL WEAPONS OF ZAGO TO DUST!

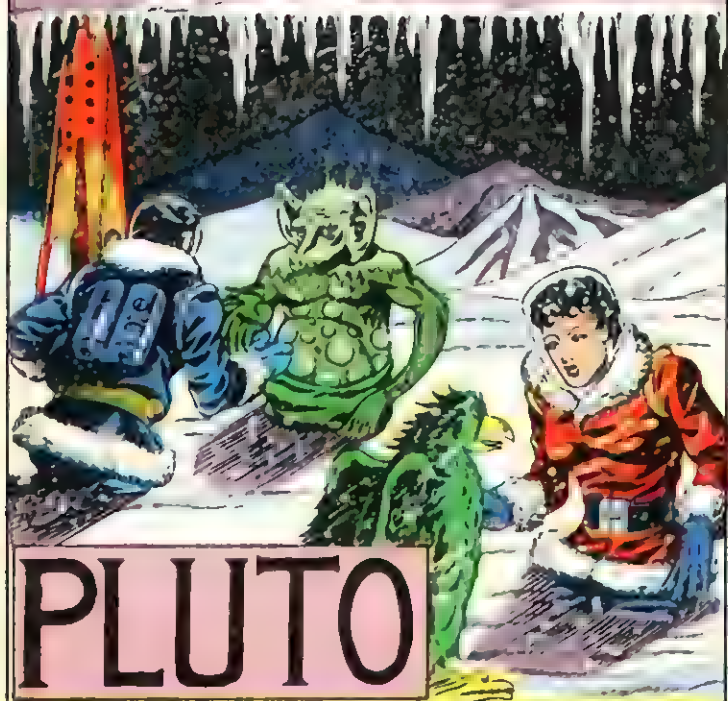
ALL YOUR MEN ARE SAFELY ABOARD. HURRY, AURO! SPIDER MEN!



LATER CLAUDIA RESTS EASILY, BUT IT WILL BE SOME TIME BEFORE SHE'LL ATTEMPT ANOTHER TRIP TO JUPITER.

WE SHALL SEE AURO. WE SHALL SEE.

Life on other Worlds



PLUTO

THIS ICE-BOUND SPHERE WILL BE FOUND MOST STRANGELY FASCINATING OF ALL PLANETS. FUTURE EXPLORERS WILL VISIT GLACIERS AND FROZEN STREAMS OF ITS SURFACE. MAY BE EASILY UNDERSTOOD WHEN THE TREMENDOUS DISTANCE THAT SEPARATES PLUTO FROM THE SUN IS CONSIDERED — 3,665,000,000 MILES! BECAUSE OF THE FRIGID CLIMATE, ADVENTURERS WILL NEED SPECIALLY HEATED CLOTHING NOT UNLIKE THAT WORN BY STRATOSPHERE FLIERS OF THE PRESENT DAY. MORE THAN TWO AND ONE HALF BILLION MILES FROM EARTH IT WOULD TAKE SPACE SHIPS WHICH TRAVEL 100,000 MILES PER HOUR MORE THAN THREE YEARS TO REACH PLUTO — THE PLANET OF MYSTERY!

A LENGTHY VOYAGE NEARS ITS END AS VALIANT ADVENTURERS FROM EARTH LANCE THROUGH THE STORM BELT THAT ENCIRLES PLUTO.

WHEN THEY LAND A NATIVE OBSERVES THEM COLDLY BUT THEN FRIENDLY GREETINGS ARE EXCHANGED THROUGH MENTAL TELEPATHY.

THE PLUTONIAN LEADS THEM DOWN A CAVERN DOWN INTO A CITY OF DAZZLING LIGHT AND WARMTH AND BEAUTY.

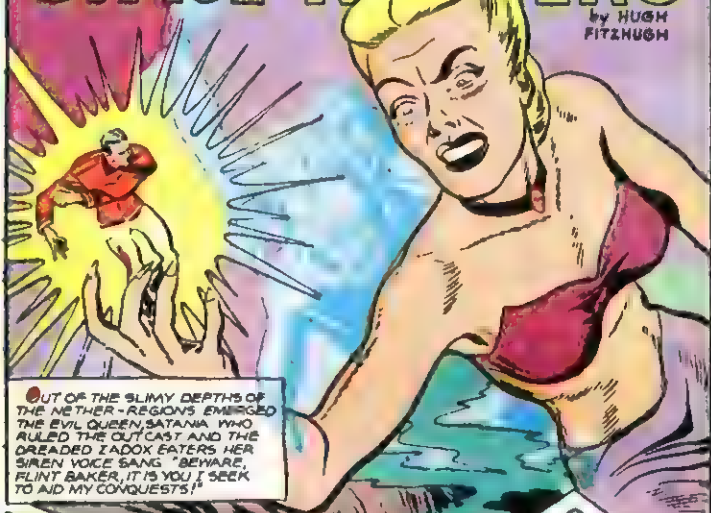
A GUIDE SHOWS THEM ABOUT THE MYSTERY PLANET, INSTRUCTING THEM IN THE CUSTOMS AND CULTURE OF PLUTO.

FINALLY, RELUCTANTLY, THEY LEAVE THE LAND OF PEACE AND HURTLE ONCE MORE INTO THE NEVER-ENDING CONFLICT OF THE SPACE LANES...

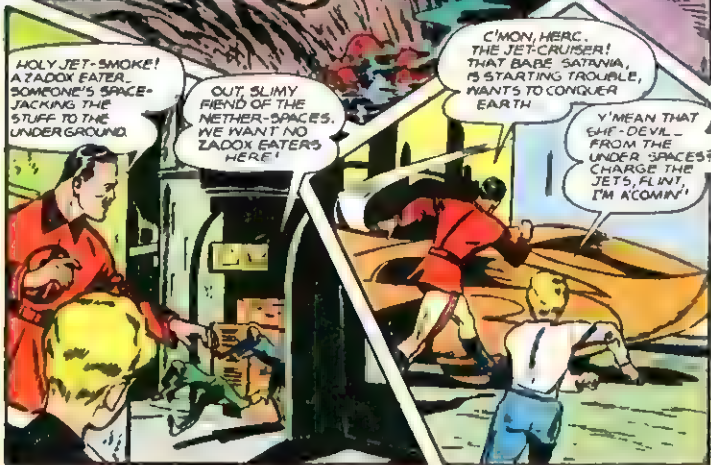
NEXT ISSUE: A THRILLING VISIT TO MERCURY!

SPACE RANGERS

by HUGH
FITZTHUM



OUT OF THE SLIMY DEPTHS OF THE NETHER-REGIONS EMERGED THE EVIL QUEEN, SATANIA, WHO RULED THE OUTCAST AND THE DREADED ZADOX EATERS HER SIREN VOICE SANG "BEWARE, FLINT BAKER, IT IS YOU I SEEK TO AID MY CONQUESTS!"



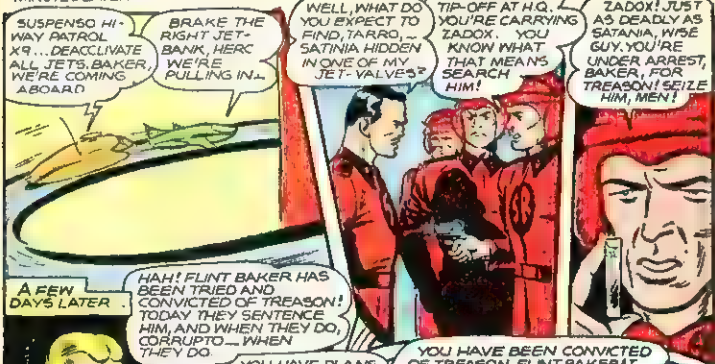
HOLY JET-SMOKE!
A ZADOX EATER.
SOMEONE'S SPACE-
JACKING THE
STUFF TO THE
UNDERGROUND.

OUT, SLIMY
FIEND OF THE
NETHER-SPACES.
WE WANT NO
ZADOX EATERS
HERE!

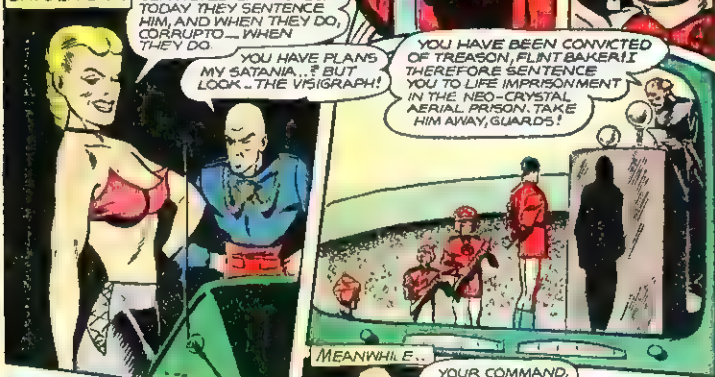
C'MON, HERC.
THE JET-CRUISER!
THAT BABE SATANIA,
IS STARTING TROUBLE,
WANTS TO CONQUER
EARTH

Y'MEAN THAT
SH-DEVIL--
FROM THE
UNDER-SPACES?
CHARGE THE
JETS, FLINT,
I'M A'COMIN'!

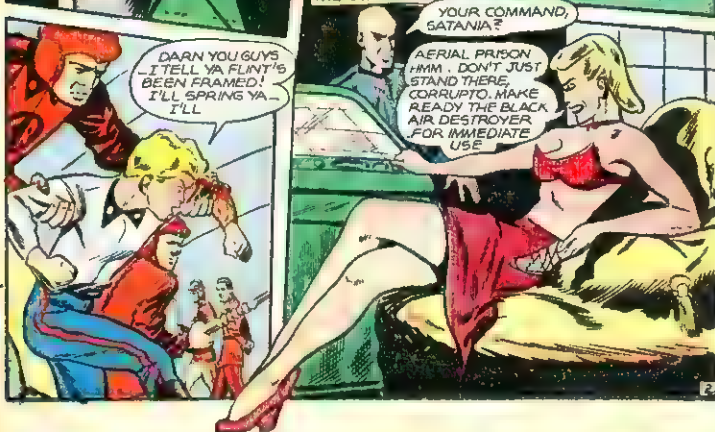
MINUTES LATER



A FEW DAYS LATER



MEANWHILE...



LATER... AT THE MIGHTY NEO-CRYSTAL AERIAL PRISON, RESTING ON THE ANTI-GRAV BEAMS TEN MILES ABOVE EARTH.

NO, GUARD! SPACE SHIP APPROACHING FOR LANDING...

SORRY, OLD TOP, I'VE GOT A DATE WITH MY PAL!

SPUNKY KID... BUT HE'S Liable TO FOUL UP MY PLAN GUESS I BETTER LET HIM IN ON IT.

LOOK, HERC, I PLANNED ALL THIS, SEE, BY DELIBERATELY PLANTING THE ZADOX ON MYSELF AND TIPPING OFF H.Q. I WANTED TO BE SENTENCED HERE IF MY PLAN WORKS, SATANIA WILL COME... AND... AND... WHAT TH' DEVIL'S THAT? WHOLE PRISON'S TREMBLING...

SOMEONE'S CUT THE ANTI-GRAV BEAM. WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

SATANIA! YOU WERE RIGHT... WHOLE PRISON IS SINKING. WHOA...

AS ABOVE

SATANIA TO PRISON... SURRENDER, FOOLS! YOUR DEFENSES ARE USELESS AGAINST OUR PARALYSIS RAYS!

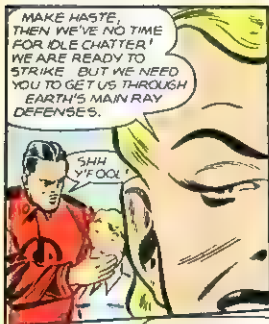
WELL DONE, CORRUPTO! FINISH THE REST... NO KILLING, JUST PARALYZE THEM... NOW LEAD ME TO FLINT BAKER!

AT LONG LAST, FLINT BAKER, I'VE MET! MY FORCES HAVE FREED YOU... FOR A PURPOSE. IF YOU REFUSE

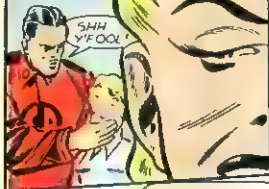
S-A-A-Y! I'D STORM PLUTO FOR A BABE LIKE YOU I'LL SAY I WILL!

HERC'S STARING... HE'S GOING TO BLAB...

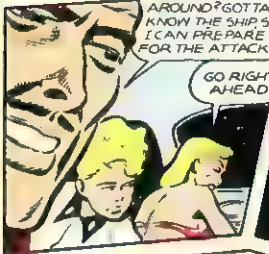
LOOK, MY QUEEN, HE COMES NOW.



MAKE HASTE,
THEN WE'VE NO TIME
FOR IDLE CHATTER!
WE ARE READY TO
STRIKE! BUT WE NEED
YOU TO GET US THROUGH
EARTH'S MAIN RAY
DEFENSES.

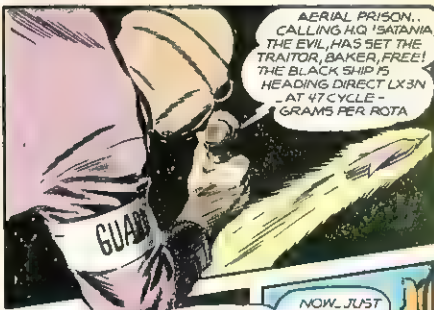


SHH
Y'FOOL!

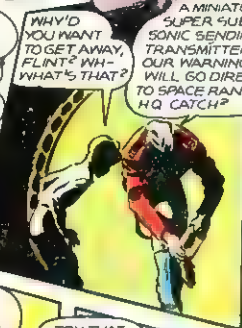


MIND IF WE LOOK
AROUND? GOTTA
KNOW THE SHIP SO
I CAN PREPARE
FOR THE ATTACK

GO RIGHT
AHEAD



AERIAL PRISON...
CALLING HQ 'SATANIA',
THE EVIL, HAS SET THE
TRAITOR, BAKER, FREE!
THE BLACK SHIP IS
HEADING DIRECT LX3N
- AT 47 CYCLE -
GRAMS PER ROTA



WHY'D
YOU WANT
TO GET AWAY,
FLINT? WH-
WHAT'S THAT?

A MINATURE
SUPER SUB-
SONIC SENDING
TRANSMITTER...
OUR WARNING
WILL GO DIRECTLY
TO SPACE RANGER
HQ CATCH?

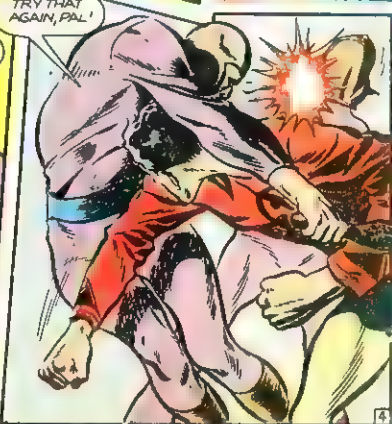


NOW, JUST
PLUG IT IN,
AND WHO'S
THAT
COMING?

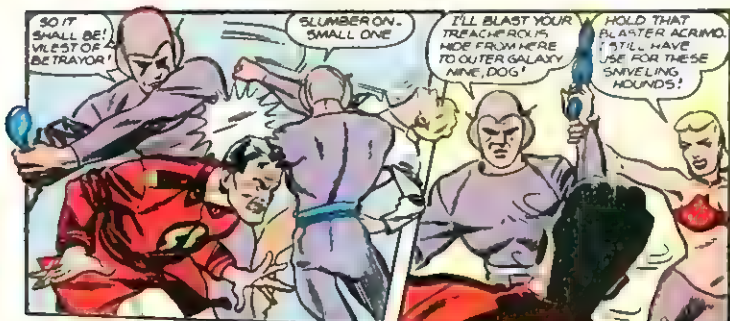


YOU WILL SOON
KNOW, TRAITOR!
SO, THAT'S WHAT
YOU'RE UP TO!

AH, SATANIA
WILL REWARD
US WELL!



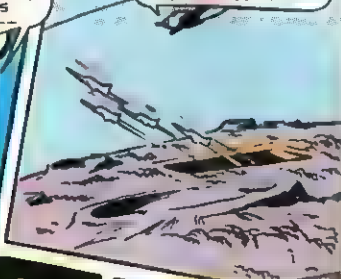
TRY THAT
AGAIN, PAL!



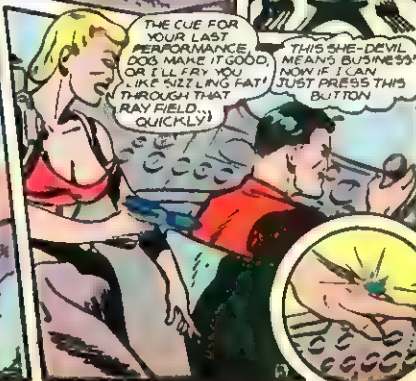
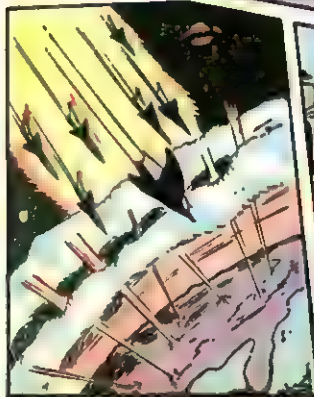
YOUR SUB-SONIC SENDER HAS BEEN DESTROYED THERE IS NO HELP FOR YOU, SO AID ME... OR DIE... BOTH OF YOU BEHOLD! WITNESS SATANIA'S POWER... I DEPRESS THIS REMOTO BUTTON, AND...

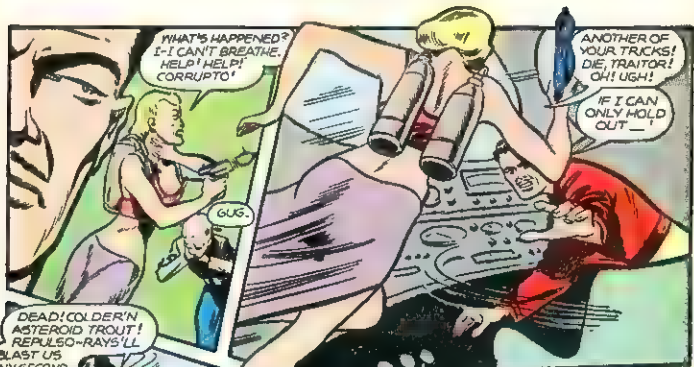


LOOK BELOW BAKER! MY MIGHTY FLEET ZOOMING TO DESTROY YOUR CITIES...

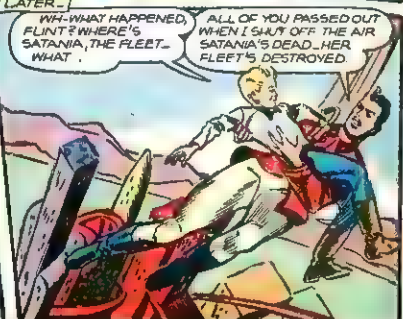
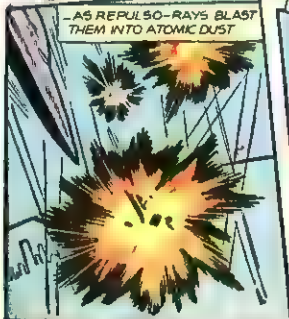


WE NEAR OUR TARGET COME, BRAVE RANGER... LEAD US THROUGH EARTH'S REPULSO-RAYS, OR YOU AND THE BOY DIE... SLOWLY! AH, THE ATTACK! THE ATTACK BEGINS!





LATER...



FLINT BAKER, SPACE RANGER, is in every PLANET COMICS!

COFFIN CARGO

By THORNECLIFFE HERRICK

THE endless sound of exploding rockets echoed in Parrot's ears. For the thousandth time he glanced at the tiny calendar that hung on the wall of the rocket ship. Within a day now he would be on Mars. Then he could dispose of Mike's body and return to earth. Nobody would doubt his story that Mike had simply disappeared. Even if they did, how could they prove anything? If only he could throw the body out into the void and forget that he had murdered his friend.

But there was no chance of that. The men who designed this ancient space ship had left no openings, not even a porthole, aside from the hermetically-sealed door. Of course he could not open that or the carefully-hoarded synthetic air would hiss into the hungry void.

The trip had lasted six weeks and for the last three Parrot had been alone. Far more alone than any prisoner in solitary confinement. Millions of miles from any other living human being. Hurling at tremendous speed toward another planet. Alone with only his thoughts for company.

At first he had gotten along well with Mike. They had been carefully selected for this trip. It was only natural that the scientists had thought of everything—even the human equation. As far as metabolic tests and psychological probing could determine, the two were destined to be good friends. It was of paramount importance that they should be. For long weeks they would have to face each other, twenty-four hours a day. Just the two of them, waiting—waiting for the day when the craft would be landed by remote control in the thin Martian air. For the scientists on earth still controlled the flight. They had only gone along to make arrangements concerning the cargo.

If only there had been some porthole through which they could stare at the wonders of the cosmos. But the entire hull of this ancient freighter was coated with a four-ply layer of lead arsenate. The rocket controls had been pre-set and course and speed

figured out to the last inch. The lives of two men hung in the balance.

At least they had when the trip started. Now there was only one life. Parrot rose, walked across to the little mirror and stared at a gaunt apparition it reflected. Lately he had grown careless and a week's growth of beard hid the hollows in his cheeks and lent emphasis to the blood-shot eyes. It had been increasingly hard to sleep, knowing that Mike's body lay only a few feet away. Nervously he stared at the bed where it lay, face down, enclosed in a space-suit.

It had been necessary to put the body in the space-suit after the first few days. The stench of a decomposing body would drive a man berserk. Parrot remembered how peaceful Mike's face had seemed, even in death. But his still, white face in the glassite mask, had played havoc with nerves already raw. Parrot had solved that problem by turning the body over.

Somehow it was easier to look at the jagged wound in the back of Mike's head. For the millionth time he re-lived those first weeks. Weeks when the cabin's narrow confines and even the nape of Mike's neck had seemed a personal affront.

It seemed years since they had locked the steel doors. He remembered the thrill when the first blast had sounded. The muted explosion of pentup gases in a holocaust of heat and energy. He knew that many persons were watching when they took off. At a safe distance, of course; since anyone within a mile would have been instantly atomized.

Then they were free from the pull of gravity. Then out beyond the ionosphere itself. Without special devices they would have floated around the inside of the little rocket ship helplessly. But scientists had seen to that. Gyroscopes revolved in the stern of the ship, deriving their power from the heat of the rockets, keeping gravity at a perfect norm. As they left earth farther behind the

gyroscopes increased their pace so that they were never conscious of a change.

Then the routine had begun. Meals three times a day. Concentrates mostly, with an occasional can of frozen foods. Sleep for eight hours each night or rather what their instruments told them was night. Sleep! How could he sleep with Mike snoring peacefully beside him. Time and again Parrot had shaken him and snarled at him. But Mike had merely apologized, rolled over on his back and started snoring again.

During their waking hours when Parrot felt that things were wrong he was annoyed by Mike's cheerfulness. He was angered and then enraged at his toneless whistle. The days slipped by in an endless succession. The toneless whistle. The harmless snore. The monotony of space.

Black plans whirled through Parrot's mind. There came a time when he could no longer look Mike in the face for fear his companion would see hatred in his eyes. He knew it was impossible to live in those cramped quarters with Mike for the rest of the trip. One of them had to die and Mike was slated for the berth.

One morning when Mike rolled out of bed and began the toneless whistle, Parrot knew the time had come. He crept behind Mike soundlessly, gun in hand. Then, fury heightened by each lonely day, he smashed the gun butt down. Again and again the weapon descended until Mike's head was a pulpy mass. The fury in Parrot's heart ebbed and finally he flung the body aside.

All that remained of Mike landed in a mass of complicated equipment and the rocket swerved from its course for a moment. For that fraction of a second, Parrot knew sheer terror. Then the rocket resumed its normal flight. Somewhere back on earth some watchful scientist had corrected the deviation.

That had been three weeks ago but it was as clear to him now as the moment when it occurred. They had been just half way to their goal then but now he, Parrot, was almost there. Again he glanced at the calendar; then at his watch. Yes. At any moment now he would float down toward the thin air of Mars.

Just then the rockets ceased to fire and silence screamed in his ears. His body tensed as he strapped himself in his bunk to wait for the shock of landing. Minutes passed until the tension was almost unbearable and then it came. A dull jolt. Far less than he had been led to believe.

Instantly he was out of his bunk. His mind spun. Would he have to wear a space suit? Suppose something had gone wrong and the ship had landed in a sector that was not habitable? Perhaps it had even landed on some planetoid or asteroid and not on Mars at all. Would there be living creatures? Would it be bare and barren?

His hands flew to instruments that would tell him whether the air was breathable. Then the test was complete and a grin crossed Parrot's face for the air was almost identical with that of earth except for a slightly higher gaseous content which might well have been caused by fumes surrounding the ancient rocket ship.

Suddenly his heart froze as he heard a noise at the door. Someone or something was outside for through the thick impervium of the hull there came a muffled beating. Were these creatures friendly or hostile? Dare he open the door? It might mean instant death. But he must open the door to get rid of Mike's body or he would never be able to return to earth.

With gun clasped in his hand he spun the bolts of the hermetically-sealed door and pushed it open. Wide-eyed, he stared at the landscape—the landscape of earth. And then came the cheerful and friendly voice of the scientist:

"Hello, Parrot, sorry to have to bring you back without being able to let you know. Something to do with the cargo. As I get it, the most important unit of the cargo was never put aboard!"

Parrot's mind cracked as he realized that he was doomed. There was the evidence of his guilt—Mike's body. A maniacal laugh escaped his throat. The gun flew to his temple and he pulled the trigger. Then as the pistol's sharp report echoed and faded and re-echoed, the murderer's body crumpled, and all was still but for the startled exclamation of the scientist.

MYSTA

OF THE
MOON
By
ROSS GALLUN

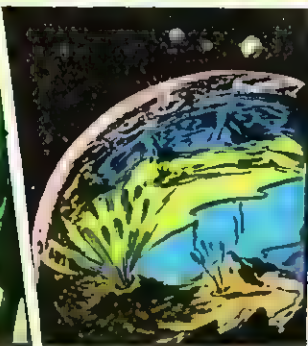


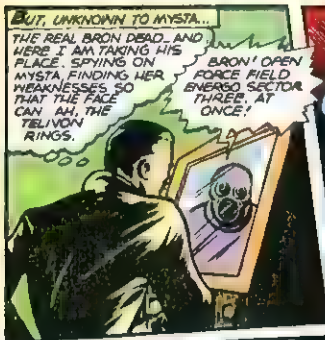
THE MOON, PLANET OF
TUMUL, EVER SUBJECT TO
VIOLENT ERUPTIONS, DEATH,
GASEOUS DEATH, HISSES BELOW
ITS SURFACE, THREATENING,
ALWAYS THREATENING TO BREAK
THROUGH AND ENGULF THOSE
AUDACIOUS ENOUGH TO LIVE
WHERE NO LIFE SHOULD BE!

AND IN MYSTA'S LABORATORY,
ERUPTIONS BEFORE, BUT
NEVER REACHING THE
TURBULENT POINT THE
ELECTRO-GRAPH SHOWS
NOW THERE'S
ANOTHER
ONE!



AND MY TERRA-RECORDO
CONTROLS FAIL TO FUNCTION
-FAIL TO SHOW THE CAUSE,
OR SOURCE. I'LL TAKE BRON
THE EARTH SCIENTIST, AND
GO TO THE SUB SURFACE
QUAKE STATION AT ONCE!





BUT, UNKNOWN TO MYSTA...

THE REAL BRON DEAD... AND HERE I AM TAKING HIS PLACE, SPYING ON MYSTA, FINDING HER WEAKNESSES, SO THAT THE FACE CAN AH, THE TELVION RINGS.

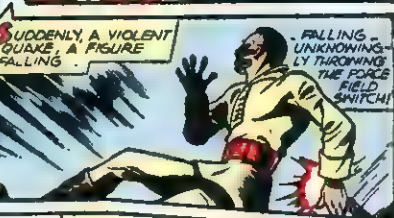
BRON! OPEN FORCE FIELD ENERGO SECTOR THREE, AT ONCE!



HE WANTS ME TO BETRAY MYSTA... BUT ALREADY SHE'S SAVED MY LIFE I CAN'T DO IT. I CAN'T! SECTOR THREE, BUT I'LL TURN THE ASTRO SCOPE ON THAT 6ECTOR AND SEE WHAT THE FACE IS UP TO!



SO THAT'S IT! ONE OF HIS SPACE TUBES CAN'T GET THROUGH THE MAGNO-BEAMS!



SUDDENLY, A VIOLENT QUAKE, A FIGURE FALLING

FALLING - UNKNOWNLY THROWING THE FORCE FIELD SWITCH!



AH, BRON OBEYS - HE IS YET MY TOOL AND SOON THE SCIENCE OF MYSTA WILL BE MINE. ROBON SHIPS... TOTAL VORTEX... PROCEED TO VECTOR SEVEN!



WHILE

T-THAT LAST BLAST SMASHED THE LAB WALLS! WAIT, THAT CREEPING NOISE... SOMETHING ABOVE... GOOD LORD!



SLITHERING THROUGH THE CRACKS, RELEASED FROM THE BOWELS OF THE MOON, COME CREATURES OF TERROR!

KRO MEN! TRAPPED, CAN'T ESCAPE!



AH, THE VIDO-SCANNERS OF MY ROBON SHOW THE LABORATORY.

PROCEED STRAIGHT. PREPARE PRONG-ARM ATTACK.

A CLASH OF GIANTS. A MOMENT'S INDECISION. THEN THE SUCTO DISCS HAVE WON THE BATTLE.

THROUGH! NOW TEN PICES FORWARD TO FORCE SCREEN!

WHILE, NEARING THE SUB-SURFACE STATION...

OH, MYSTA. ONE THING I FORGOT...THERE'S A TUBE LODGED AGAINST THE FORCE SCREEN AT ENERGO SECTOR 3

DON'T WORRY..IT WILL NEVER PIERCE THE MAGNO-BEANS, BUT JUST TO MAKE SURE I'LL CONTACT MY ROBOT.

STRANGE..CAN'T MAKE COMMUNICATION! MAY BE TROUBLE THERE, BUT THESE QUAKES ARE MORE IMPORTANT NOW. COME!

THE FACE SOMEONE HE GOT THROUGH!

LEVER 10. SHIFT TO METER, READING ARC 5 MYSTA'S ROBOT. READY YOUR SUCTO DISCS!

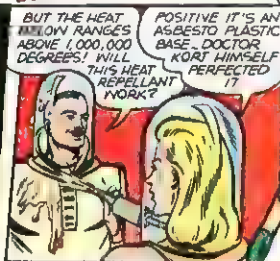
A5

MY ROBON THREW THE SWITCH! WE'RE THROUGH.. WE'RE THROUGH..! AND SOON ALL THAT IS MYSTA'S WILL BE MINE!

WHILE...



SEE, HER ROBOT
IMMOBILIZED... AND
MYSTA NOT IN SIGHT!
QUICK, MAN! ALL
ENTRANCES, WE'LL
HAVE A SURPRISE FOR
HER WHEN
SHE RETURNS.

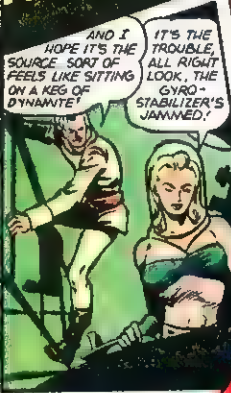
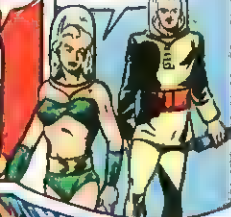


BUT THE HEAT
RANGE'S
ABOVE 1,000,000
DEGREES! WILL
THIS HEAT
REPELLANT
WORK?

POSITIVE IT'S AN
ASBESTO PLASTIC
BASE. DOCTOR
KORT HIMSELF
PERFECTED
IT

HE'S THE ONE WHO BROUGHT
YOU HERE DURING THE
CHAOTIC ERA?

YES, AND TAUGHT
ME ALL I KNOW AH,
THE CONTROLS
JUST AHEAD



AND I
HOPE IT'S THE
SOURCE. SORT OF
FEELS LIKE SITTING
ON A KEG OF
DYNAMITE!

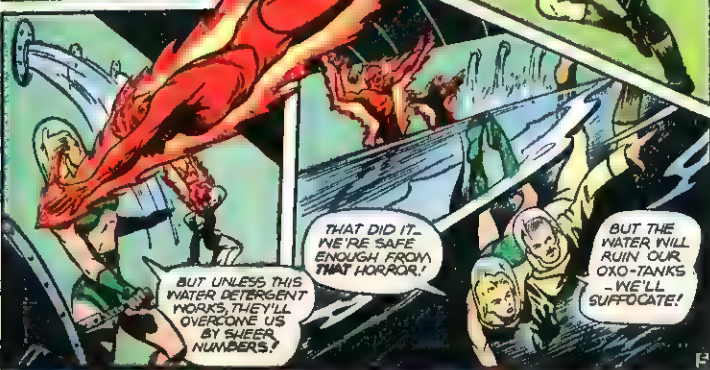
IT'S THE TROUBLE,
ALL RIGHT
LOOK, THE
GYRO-
STABILIZER'S
JAMMED!

MYSTA! LOOK, THE
WALLS CRASHING.
THOSE THOSE
THINGS!



FIRECONS-
THE FLAME
CREATURES!

FIGHT THEM
OFF - THEIR
FLAMES CAN'T
HURT US!



THAT DID IT.
WE'RE SAFE
ENOUGH FROM
THAT HORROR!

BUT UNLESS THIS
WATER DETERGENT
WORKS, THEY'LL
OVERCOME US
BY SHEER
NUMBERS!

BUT THE
WATER WILL
RUIN OUR
OKO-TANKS
- WE'LL
SUFFOCATE!

NO, STROKE AFTER ME, BRON. ESCAPE HATCH NEARBY!

C. CAN'T BREATHE. MUST TURN WHEEL THERE!

AS CLOSE AS I EVER WANT TO GET TO DEATH! WHAT NOW?

SAFE! BUT THAT WAS CLOSE, BRON!

THE WATER WILL FLUSH OUT THE FIRECONS, AND EVENTUALLY RECEDE, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CLIMB THE CRAGS TO THE SURFACE

ANYTHING TO GET OUT OF THIS HELL HOLE AND BACK TO THE...

BRON, BEHIND YOU!

THE HEADLESS BATS! QUICK, TRY PARO RAYS!

NO USE. SWITCH TO DIS RAYS, OR THEY'LL CLAY US TO DEATH!



IT'S WORKING...THE
BLIND MONSTERS
ARE WINGING
AWAY!

THAT FLAPPING
BEHIND ME—
WHAT?

OH! BRON—
HELP!

MUST SHOOT
STRAIGHT OR
MYSTA WILL
BE KILLED!
THERE!

MYSTA...MYSTA...SPEAK!
GOOD LORD, SHE'S
WOUNDED... NEEDS
PLASMO INJECTIONS!

THE LAB, THAT'S IT... GOT
TO GET HER THERE! BUT
THE FACE, I KNOW HE'S
THERE ALSO!

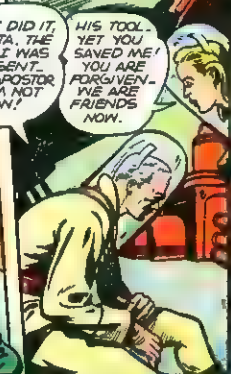
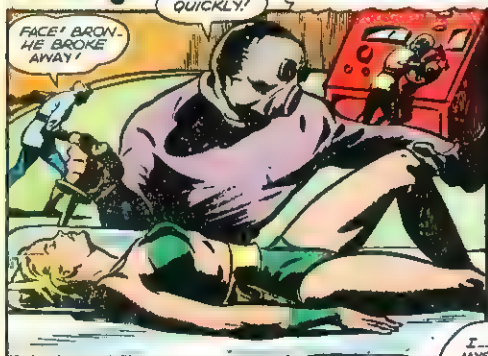
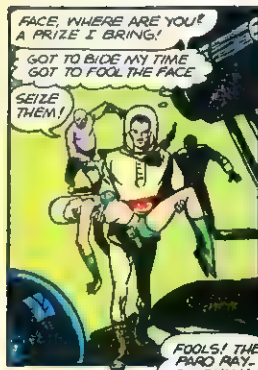
BUT I'LL TRICK
HIM, MAKE HIM
THINK I'M STILL
ON HIS SIDE!
THEN, SOMEHOW,
I'LL KILL THE
DEVIL!

SOON, IN THE LAB

FINE HAUL INOED! RAY
MACHINES, ATOODS-GUNS,
FORMULAS

MASTER! BRON
COMES, CARRYING
THE ONE CALLED
MYSTA!

BRON, EH? HIMM...THE
FOOL HAS OUTLIVED
HIS USEFULNESS!
SEIZE THEM BOTH!



MYSTA OF THE MOON IN EVERY PLANET COMICS!

STAR PIRATE

by LEN ROSSON



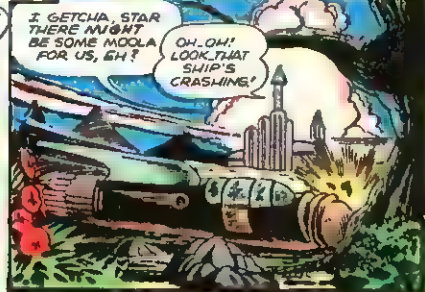
STAR PIRATE FLEW INTO THE DREAD CAVERNS OF KOR ARMED WITH THE BEST WEAPONS THAT SCIENCE COULD PROVIDE YET WHAT USE WERE THEY AGAINST AN ALIEN MONSTER THAT LAUGHED AT BLASTERS AND LAPPED UP HEAT RAYS?

STAR PIRATE'S HIDDEN PLANET



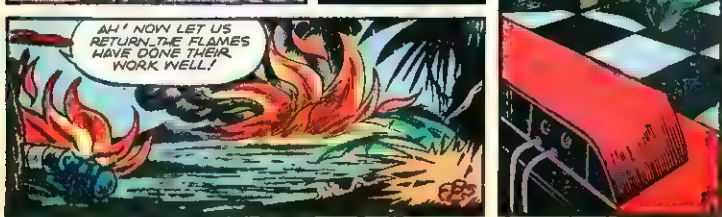
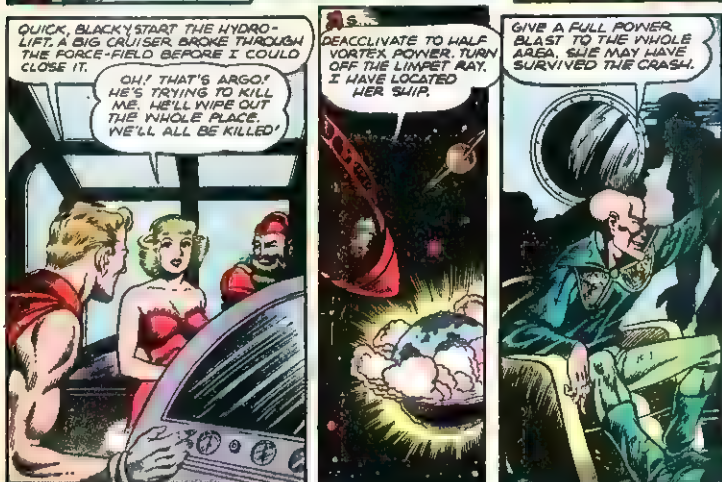
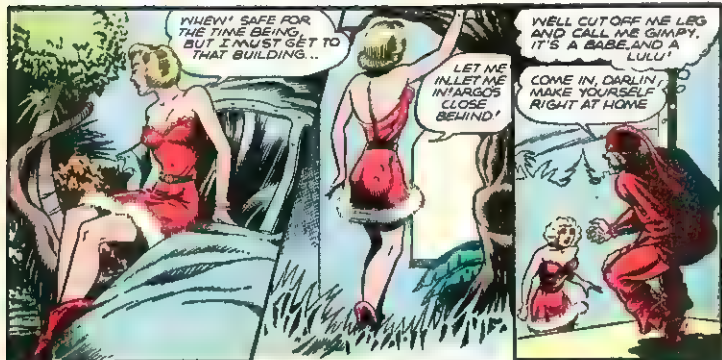
STAR, THAT SMALL SHIP'S GETTIN' PAST OUR FORCE FIELD!

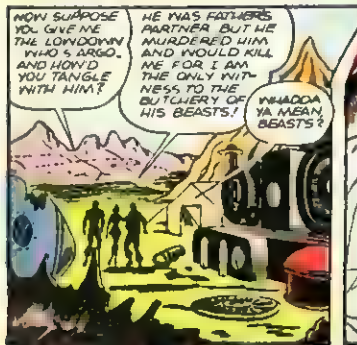
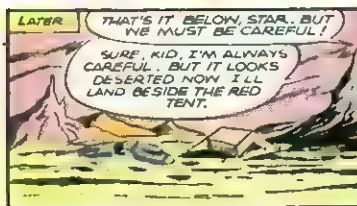
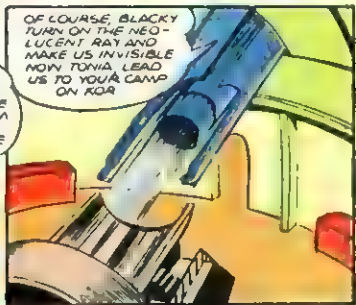
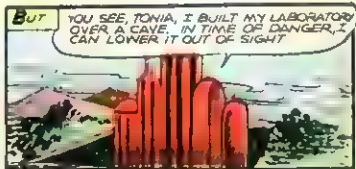
NOT QUITE, BLACKY, I'M LETTING IT THROUGH. IT'S TOO SMALL TO HARM US, AND...



I GETCHA, STAR THERE MIGHT BE SOME MOOLA FOR US, EH?

OH, OH! LOOK, THAT SHIP'S CRASHING!





SEIZE THEM ALIVE I
MUST FIND THEIR SHIP.
FOR I WANT NO
WITNESSES TO MY
CRIME!

WELL, I'LL BE AN
HONEST MAN! I COULD
HOCK ONE OF THESE
BOZO'S IN A PAWN SHOP
FOR A MILLION
CREDITS

IT'S ARGO'S QUARTZ
MEN, LOOK OUT!

THEY DON'T SCARE
ME MUCH A COUPLE
O'SHOT'S FROM ME
HEAT RAY AND I'LL
FUSE 'EM PROPER

NO USE, BLACKY
THEY JUST LAP
THAT STUFF UP

DANG MY HIDE
THESE SLAB-SIDED
ROCKS ARE SHOOTING
ELECTRICITY OUTA THEIR
FINGER-TIPS WE BETTER
SCRAM BEYON'!

EVERY WELL DRESSED MAN
NEEDS A PAIR OF FLYING BOOTS.
BETTER PRESS THE BUTTON
ON MY BELT AND SCRAM.

CAN'T HELP THEM
NOW I'VE GOT TO
FIND SOME EFFECTIVE
WEAPON FIRST.

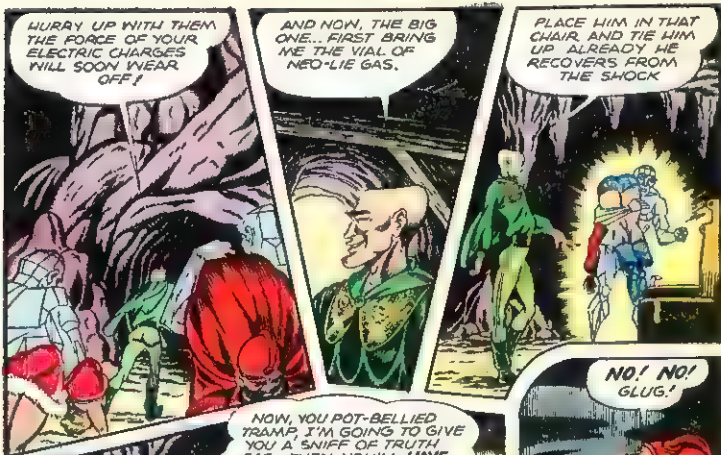
YOU FOOLS, YOU LET
THE LEADER ESCAPE.
TAKE THEM TO THE
CAVE I MUST FIND
OUT WHERE THEIR
SHIP IS HIDDEN

CAN'T MOVE A
MUSCLE O' ME
BODY I'M PARALYZED,
AND STAR RUNS OFF
AND LEAVES ME, THE
RAT!

HURRY UP WITH THEM.
THE FORCE OF YOUR
ELECTRIC CHARGES
WILL SOON WEAR
OFF!

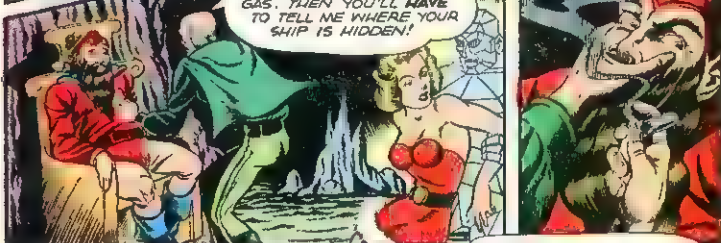
AND NOW, THE BIG
ONE... FIRST BRING
ME THE VIAL OF
NEO-LIE GAS.

PLACE HIM IN THAT
CHAIR, AND TIE HIM
UP. ALREADY HE
RECOVERS FROM
THE SHOCK



NOW, YOU POT-BELLIED
TRAMP, I'M GOING TO GIVE
YOU A SNIFF OF TRUTH
GAS. THEN YOU'LL HAVE
TO TELL ME WHERE YOUR
SHIP IS HIDDEN!

NO! NO!
GLUG!

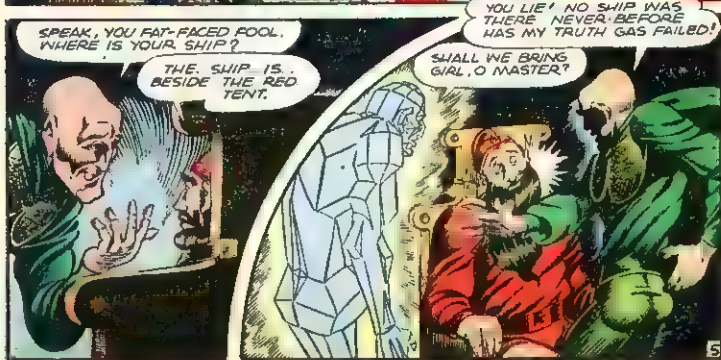


SPEAK, YOU FAT-FACED POOL.
WHERE IS YOUR SHIP?

THE SHIP IS
BEHIND THE RED
TENT.

YOU LIE! NO SHIP WAS
THERE NEVER BEFORE
HAS MY TRUTH GAS FAILED!

SHALL WE BRING
GIRL, O MASTER?

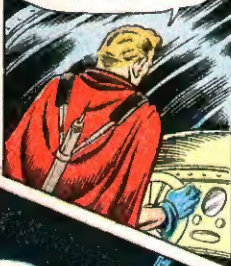


WHILE, ON STAR'S INVISIBLE SHIP.

HMM, ACCORDING TO EINSTEIN III, A FOURTH DIMENSIONAL IN THE ACTONIC CHORD SHOULD CHANGE MY DISC GUN... THERE, THAT'S STEP ONE...



...STEP TWO'S THIS LIGHTNING ROD ON MY BACK... OUGHTA OFFSET THEIR ELECTRICAL CHARGES.



...AND THE THIRD STEP OF SAVING THE OTHERS SHOULD BE A CINCIF IF MY THEORY OF REVERSE LIGHT IS TRUE.



HMM! WATER. HOPE IT WON'T SHORT CIRCUIT ME. WOW! HERE THEY COME!



EEYOW! I FEEL LIKE A HIGH TENSION WIRE! BETTER UNLIMBER MY COLD RAY, BUT QUICK.



HERE, YOU FUGITIVES FROM A JEWELRY STORE, LET'S SEE HOW YOU LIKE THIS GADGET!



IT DIDN'T WORK...THEY'RE STILL ADVANCING! STEP FIVE ON TAP... AND IF THAT DOESN'T WORK, WE'RE ALL GONERS!





LATER... BACK ABOARD SHIP..



STAR PIRATE IN EVERY ISSUE OF PLANET COMICS!!

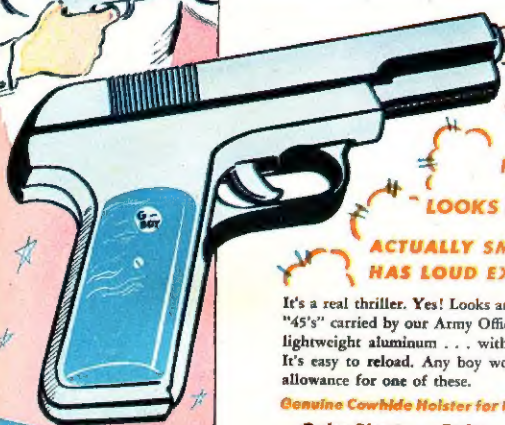


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